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To M^r Anne Grene
the worthy Daughter to
S^r William Grene of Milton
Knight.

That which was onely priuately compos'd,
For your delight, Faire Ornament of Worth;
Is here, come, to bee publicly disclos'd:
And to an vniuerfall view put forth.

Which hauing beene but yours and mine before,
(Or but of few besides) is made hereby
To bee the worlds: and yours and mine no more.
So that in this sort giuing it to you,
I giue it from you, and therein doe wrong,
To make that, which in priuate was your due:
Thus to the world in common to belong.
And thereby may debase the estimate,
Of what perhaps did beare some price before:
For oft we see how things of slender rate,
Being vndiuulg'd, are choisely held in store:
And rarer compositions once expos'd,
Are (as vnworthy of the world) condemn'd:
For what, but by their hauing beene disclos'd
To all, hath made all miseries contemn'd.


And therefore why had it not beene ynow,
That Milton onely heard our melodie?
Where *Baucis* and *Philemon* onely show,
To Gods and men their hospitalitie:
And thereunto a ioyfull care afford,
In mid st of their well welcom'd company:
Where wee (as Birds doe to themselves record)
Might entertaine our priuate harmonie.
But feareing least that time might haue beguild
You of your owne, and me of what was mine,
I did desire to haue it knowne my Child:
And for his right, to others I resigne.
Though I might haue beene warn'd by him, who is
Both neare and deare to mee, that what we giue
Vnto these times, we giue t'vnthankfulnesse,
And so without vnconstant censures, liue.

But yet these humours will no warning take,
Wee still must blame the fortune that wee make.
And yet herein wee doe aduenture now,
But Ayre for Ayre, no danger can accrew,
They are but our refusalls wee bestow,
And wee thus cast the old t'haue roome for new:
Which I must still addresse t'your learned hand,
Who mee and all I am, shall still command.

John Danyel.

L

CANTO.



Oy *Daphne* fled from *Phabus* hot pur- suite, Carelesse of
 Pas- sion, tence- lesse of Remorse: Whil'd hee com- plain'd his griefes, shee rested
 mute, He beg'd her stay, Shee still kept on her course, But what re- ward shee had for this
 you see, Shee rests trans- form'd, a win- ter beaten tree. She rests transform'd,
 ij. Shee rests trans- form'd a winter bea- ten tree.



Oy *Daphne* fled:
 BASSO.
 1

Oy *Daphne* fled from *Phabus* hot pursuite,
 Carelesse of Passion, sencelesse of Remorse:
 Whil't hee complain'd his griefes shee rested mute,
 He beg'd her stay, shee still kept on her course.
 But what reward shee had for this you see,
 Shee rests transform'd a winter beaten tree.

The Answer.

Chast *Daphne* fled from *Phabus* hot pursuit,
 Knowing mens passions Idle and of course:
 And though hee plain'd twas fit shee should be mute,
 And honour would shee should keepe on her course:
 For which faire deede her Glory still wee see,
 Shee rests still *Greene*, and so wish I to bee.

B.

II

BASSO

II

II

II- CANTO.

Thou pretty Bird how doe I see, thy filly state and mine agree,
 For thou a prisoner art, so is my hart, Thou sing'st to her and so doe I address
 My Musick to her eare that's merciesse. But here in doth, here in doth the difference lie,
 that thou art grac'd, so am not I: Thou sing'st liu'st, sing'st, sing'st, sing'st liu'st, and I must
 sing ing dye. But herein, &c.

Thou pretty Bird how doe I see,
 Thy filly state and mine agree:
 For thou a prisoner art,
 So is my hart,
 Thou sing'st to her and so doe I address,
 My Musick to her eare that's merciesse:
 But herein doth the difference lie,
 That thou art grac'd so am not I,
 Thou sing'st liu'st, and I must sing'st die.

III

BASSO

III

III

III CANTO.

He whose desires are still are still a-broad I see,
 And therefore now come back come back my hart to mee,
 hath neuer any peace at home the while. Rest a-lone, rest a-lone
 it is but for superfluous things we toyle. Honor wealth, honor wealth
 with thy selfe be all within, For what without thou get'st, thou dost not
 glo-ry fame are no such things, But that which from Imagination
 win. High reaching powre that seems to ouer grow, doth creepe but
 springs
 on the earth, lies base and low.
 He whose desires are still abroad I see,
 Hath neuer any peace at home the while:
 And therefore now come back my hart to mee,
 It is but for superfluous things we toyle.
 Rest alone with thy selfe be all within,
 For what without thou get'st thou dost not win.
 Honour, wealth, glory, fame, are no such things,
 But that which from Imagination springs.
 High reaching power that seems to ouer grow,
 Doth creepe but on the earth, lies base and low.
 B.ij

III.

CANTO.

Likes as the Lute delights, delights, or else, or
 else, like, as is his art that plies upon the Lute: So sounds my Muse,
 it sounds according as the strikes, On my hart strings high tun'd, high
 tun'd vn- to her fame. Her touch doth cause the war- ble of the sound, which
 here I yeeld in lamentable wife: ij. in lamentable wife: la- men-
 ta- ble wife: A way- ling defcant ij. on the

III.
 BASSO.

Like as the Lute:

III.

CANTO.

sweet- est ground, Whose due reports, ij. gives ho- nour to her eyes, Whole
 due re- ports, ij. gives honour to her eyes, if a- ny plea- sing,
 relish here I vie, Iudge then the world her beauty the fame,

III

CANTO.

fame, Elfe harsh my stile, vnuna-ble my Muse hoarse sounds, The voice that pray- seth
not her name, For no ground else, for no ground else could make the Musicke
such, Nor other hand could giue so sweet a touch, could giue so sweet a
touch. For no, &c.



III
BASSO

Like as the Lute delights or else dislikes,
As is his art that playes vpon the same:
So sounds my Muse according as thee strikes
On my hart strings, high tun'd vnto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which here I yeeld in lamentable wise:
A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports giues honour to her eyes.
If any pleasing relish here I vse,
Then ludge the world her beantie giues the same:
Elfe harsh my stile vnunstable my Muse,
Hoarse sounds the voice that praiseth not her name.
For no ground else could make the Musicke such,
Nor other hand could giue so sweet a touch.



Off thou withdraw

BASSO.

V.

D Off, dost thou withdraw thy grace, Dost,

O dost thou withdraw thy grace, Because I should not love, and think it thou to remove mi'a-

fections with thy face? As if that love did hold no part, But where thy beautie lies: Ah yes tis more, more is de-fire, There where it wounds and

lies: And were not in my hart, Greater then in thy faire eyes? Ah yes tis, &c, pines, As fire is far more fire, Where it burnes then where it shines.

Dost thou withdraw thy grace,
For that I shou'd not love:
And think it thou to remove,
M'affections with thy face?

As if that love did hold no part,
But where thy beautie lies:
And were not in my hart,
Greater then in thy faire eyes?

Ah yes tis more, more is de-fire,
There where it wounds and pines:
As fire is far more fire,
Where it burnes then where it shines?

HY canst thou not as others doe,

BASSO.

VL

V HY canst thou not as others doe, Looke on mee with unwounding eyes?

And yet looke sweet; but yet not so, Smile but not in killing wise, Arme not thy graces

to confound, Only looke, ij. Only looke but doe not wound. ij.

Only looke, ij. ij. ij. but do not wound. Only looke but doe not wound.

Why canst thou not as others doe?
Looke on mee with unwounding eyes:
And yet looke sweet but yet not so,
Smile but not in killing wise.
Arme not thy graces to confound,
Only looke but doe not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you,
Then they can see in all the rest:
For I can others beauties view,
And not finde my hart oppress'd.
O bee as others are to mee,
Or let mee, bee more to thee.

Stay cruell, stay, Pit- tie mine anguish, And if I languish
 For that which you doe beare a- way, Ah how can you be so vn- kinde, As not to grieue for
 that you leaue behind, And if you'll goe ij. yet let your pittie stay, yet let your pittie
 stay, and if you will goe, and if you will goe, yet let your pittie stay, yet O let your pittie stay.
 But will you goe? say will you? O will you goe and shew that you neglect, that
 you neg- lect me, Yet say farewell, ij. ij. farewell, ij. ij.

Tay Cruell stay:

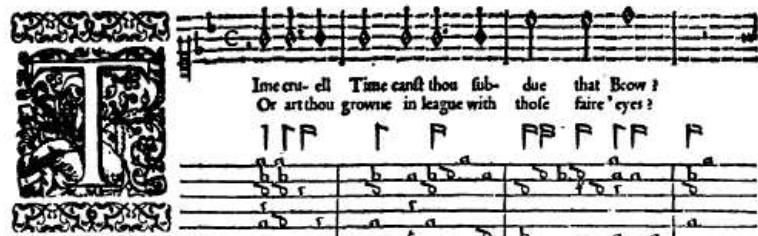
BASSO. **VII**

Stay Cruell stay,
 Pitie myne anguish,
 And if I languish
 For that which you do beare away,
 Ah, how can you be so vnkind,
 As not to grieue for that you leaue behind,
 And if you'll goe, yet let your pittie stay,
 But will you goe and shew that you neglect mee?
 Yet say farewell, and seeme but to respect mee.

Yet say fare- well, and seeme but to re- spect, O seeme but to re- spect mee. Yet say, &c.

VIII

CANTO.



Time cru- ell Time canst thou sub- due that Brow?
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eyes?

That conquers all but thee and thee too stayes? as if thee were ij.
That they might aide thee to con- sume our dayes, or dost thou loue ij.

exempt from Scith or Bow, From Loue and yeeres vn-sub- iect
her for her cru- el- ties, Being mer- ci- lesse like thee that

to de- cayes? Then doe so still although she makes no
no man wayes? And doe so still although she no- thing

steeme, Of dayes nor yeeres but lets them runne in vaine, Hould still thy swift
cares, Do as I doe loue her al-though vn- kinde, Hould still yet O



Time cruell tyme:

BASSO. **VIII**

Time cruell tyme canst thou subdue that brow,
That conquers all but thee, and thee too stayes:
As if thee were exempt from scyth or bow,
From Loue and yeeres vnsubiect to decayes.
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eyes,
That they might help thee to consume our dayes,
Or dost thou loue her for her cruelties,
Being mercilesse like thee that no man wayes?
Then doe so still although she makes no steeme,
Of dayes nor yeeres, but lets them run in vaine:
Hould still thy swift wing'd hours that wondring seeme
To gafe on her, euen to turne back againe.
And doe so still although she nothing cares,
Doe as I doe, loue her although vnkinde,
Hould still, yet O I feare at vnawares,
Thou wilt beguile her though thou seem'st so kinde.



wing'd houres that won- dring seeme, To gafe on her euen to turne
I feare at vn- wares, Thou wilt be- guile her though thou

back seem'st a- fo gaine, kinde. And doe so, &c.

M^{rs} M. E. her Funerall teares for the death of her husband. IX. The first part. CANTO.

Griefe, Griefe, keepe within and scorne, to shew but teares,

Since Ioy can weepe as well as thou, Disdaine to sigh for so can slender cares, Which
but from idle causes grow, Doe not looke forth vn-lesse thou didst know how
To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art, And onely let
my hart, ij. my hart, ij. That knowes the rea-son why,

Riefe keepe within:

BASSO. XI.

Griefe keepe within and scorne to shew but teares,
Since Ioy can weepe as well as thou:
Disdaine to sigh for so can slender cares,
Which but from Idle causes grow.
Doe not looke forth vnlesse thou didst know how
To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art,
And onely let my hart,
That knowes more reason why,
Pyne, first, consume, swell, burst and dye.

Pine, Fret, Con-sume, Swell, Burst and
Dye. Swell, Burst and Dye.

Ed.

The second part.

X

CANTO.

Drop, ij. ij. drop not, ij. O drop not mine eyes,
 nor trickle, trickle, trickle downe so fast, nor trickle downe so fast, nor
 trickle, trickle downe so fast, For so you could doe oft be- fore,
 In our sad fare-wells and sweet meetings past, And shall his death, ah shall
 his death now have no more? Can nig- gard for- row yeeld no o- ther
 store, To shew the plentie of af- flic- tions smart, Then only

BASSO. X

Crop not mine eyes,
 nor trickle, trickle, trickle downe so fast, nor trickle downe so fast, nor
 trickle, trickle downe so fast, For so you could doe oft be- fore,
 In our sad fare-wells and sweet meetings past, And shall his death, ah shall
 his death now have no more? Can nig- gard for- row yeeld no o- ther
 store, To shew the plentie of af- flic- tions smart, Then only

Drop not myne eyes nor Trickle downe so fast,
 For so you could doe oft before,
 In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past,
 And shall his death now have no more?
 Can niggard sorrow yeeld no other store:

To shew the plentie of afflictions smart,
 Then onely thou poore hart,
 That knowst more reason why,
 Pyne, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst and Dye.

thou poore hart, ij. poore hart, ij. That knowst more rea- son
 why, Pine, Fret, Con- sume, Swell, Burst, and
 Dye. Pine, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst and Dye. Swell, Burst and Dye.

Have all our passions;

Have all our passions certaine proper vents,

And forrow none that is her owne?

But she must borrow others complements, To make her inward feelings knowne,

Are ioyes, delights and deaths compassion showne, With one like face and one lamenting part: and one lamenting part: Then onely

Have all our passions;

Have all our passions certaine proper vents,

And forrow none that is her owne?

But she must borrow others complements, To make her inward feelings knowne,

Are ioyes, delights and deaths compassion showne, With one like face and one lamenting part: and one lamenting part: Then onely

BASSO.

IX

Have all our passions certaine proper vents, Are ioyes delights and deaths compassion showne,
 And forrow none that is her owne? With one lyke face and one lamenting part?
 But she must borrow others complements, Then onely thou poore hart that know'lt more reason why,
 To make her inward feelings knowne? Pine, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst, and Dye.

thou poore hart, ij. poore hart, ij. that know'lt more rea-

son why, Pine, Fret, Con-sume, Swell, Burst and

Dye. Pine, Fret, Con-sume, Swell, Burst and

Dye. Pine, Fret, Con-sume, Swell, Burst and Dye.



Et not /*la* thinks be cause the hath in- vaf- fald
I was made to be the pray and boe-ry of her

mee, That her beauty can give lawes to o-thers that are free: Though others may her
eyes, In my bofome fhe may lay her greateft kingdome lyes. I can de-cerne more

brow a- dore, Yet more muft I that there-in fee farre more, Then any
fe- cret notes, That in the margine of her cheekes Loue quotes, Then any

others eyes haue powre to fee, She is to mee, More then to a- ny others fhe can
elſe be fides haue art to read, No lookes proceed, From thofe faire eyes but to me won- der

bee. breed. O then why, Should fhe flye, From him to whom her fight, Doth ad fo

much aboute her might, Why ſhould not ſhee, Still ioy to raigne in mee;

much aboute her might, Why ſhould not ſhee, Still ioy to raigne in mee;

much aboute her might, Why ſhould not ſhee, Still ioy to raigne in mee;

much aboute her might, Why ſhould not ſhee, Still ioy to raigne in mee;

much aboute her might, Why ſhould not ſhee, Still ioy to raigne in mee;

much aboute her might, Why ſhould not ſhee, Still ioy to raigne in mee;

BASSO.

LIX

Et not *Cloris* think because
She hath vnaffald mee,
That her bewtie can give lawes,
To others that are free.
I was made to be the pray,
And bootie of her eyes:
In my bofome ſhe may lay,
Her greateft kingdome lyes.

Though others may her brow adore,
Yet more muft I that therein fee far more,
Then any others eyes haue powre to fee,
Shee is to mee
More then to any others ſhe can bee.
I can decerne more ſecret notes,
That in the margine of her cheekes Loue quotes:
Then any elſe beſides haue art to read,
No lookes proceed,
From thofe fayre eyes but to mee wonder breed.

O then why,
Should ſhee flye,
From him to whom her fight,
Doth ad fo much aboute her might:
Why ſhould not ſhee,
Still ioy to raigne in mee?

much aboute her might, Why ſhould not ſhee, Still ioy to raigne in mee;

The first part.

XIII

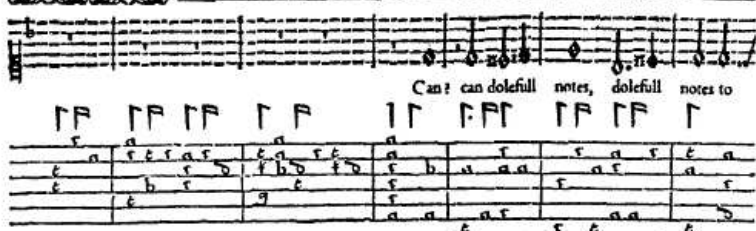
CANTO.



An dolefull notes, &c.



Can? can dolefull notes, dolefull notes to



measur'd accents set,

Can? can dolefull



notes, dole-full notes to measur'd accents set, Ex- presse vn-measur'd griefes,



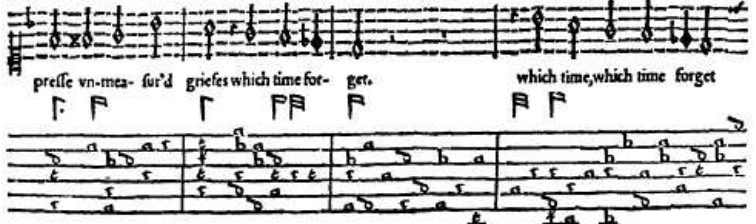
Expreffe vn-measur'd, vn-measur'd griefes which time for- get.

Ex-



preffe vn-measur'd griefes which time for- get.

which time, which time forget



An dolefull notes



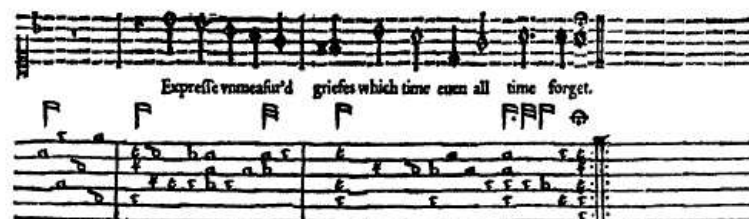
BASSO.

XIII



An dolefull Notes to measur'd accents set,

Expreffe vnmeasur'd griefes that tyme forget?



Expreffe vnmeasur'd griefes which time euen all time forget.

G. II.

The second part.

XIII

CANTO

N O let Chromatique tunes
Chro- matique tunes harth without ground, Bee fullaine Musique for a
tunelesse hart, Bee fullaine, &c.
Bee fullaine, &c. Chro- matique
tunes most like my passions found, Chro- matique tunes most like,
most like my passions found. most like, &c. still like, &c.

N O let Chromatique Tunes
BASSO
TIII

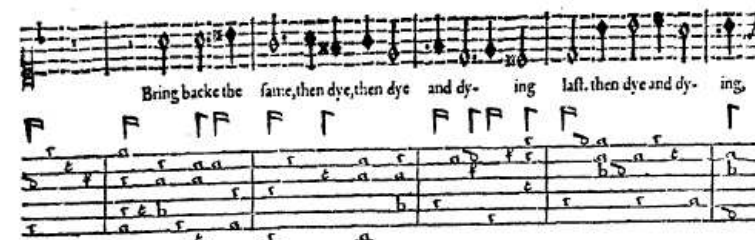
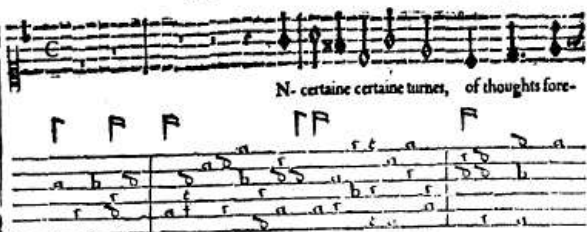
N O let Chromatique Tunes harth without ground, Chromatique Tunes most lyke my passions found,
Be fullayne Musique for a Tunelesse hart: As if combynd to beare their falling part.

Chro- ma- tique tunes most like my passions found,
most like, &c. still, &c. Chromatique tunes most like my
passions found, As if com- binde to beare their falling
part. As if combinde to beare their fal- ling part.

The third part.

XV.

CANTO.



BASSO.

XV.



Ncertaine certaine turns, of thoughts fore-
cast,
Bring backe the same, then dye and dying last.



H. J.

E Yes looke no more, for what hath all the earth that's
Cloth thee my hart, with blacke darke thoughts and thinke but

worth the fight? Eares heare no more, for what can breath the voyce of true de-
of dis- paire, Si- lence locke vp my words and skorne these idle founds of

light, Thinke, thinke, Glo-ry, Honour, Ioyes, De- lights, Contents,
ayre, But, but Sorrow, Griefe, Aff- licti- on, and Despaire,

are but the emp- tie re- ports, Of vna- pro- pri- ed termes that breath inuents, not knowing
these are the things that are sure, And these wee feele not as con- ceits in th'aire, but as the

what it im- ports, Ioyes, Delights and Pleasures in vs hold
same we en- dure, Ioyes, Delights and Pleasures makes griefe to

such a doub- full part, As if they were but thrall, and those were all in all,
ti- ra- nize vs worke, Our mirth brings but distastes for nought delights and lastes,

Yes looke no more

BASSO

TAV

E Yes looke no more, for what hath all the earth that's worth the fight?
Fares heare no more, for what can breath the voyce of true Delight?
Cloath thee my hart, with darke black thoughts, and think but of dispaire,
Silence lock vp my words, and scorne these idle founds of Ayre.

Thinke Glory, Honour, Ioyes, Delights, Contents,
Are but the empte reports
Of vnappropried termes that breath inuents,
Not knowing what it imports.

But Sorrow, Griefe, Affliction, and Despaire,
These are the things that are sure,
And these wee feele not as conceits in th'aire,
But as the same wee endure.

Ioyes, delights, and pleasures in vs should such a doubtfull part,
As if they were but thrall,
And those were all in all,
For Griefes, Distrusts, Remorse, I see must domineere the hart.

Ioyes, Delights, and Pleasures, makes griefe to tiranize vs worke,
Our mirth brings but distastes:
For nought delights and lastes,
Griefe then take all my hart, for where none strue there needs lesse force.

For Griefe, Distrusts, Remorse, I see must do- mi- neere the
Griefe then take all my hart, for where none strue, there needs lesse

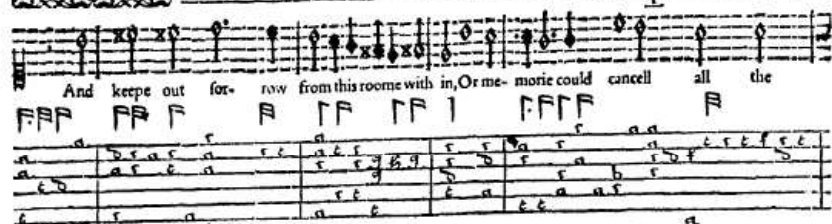
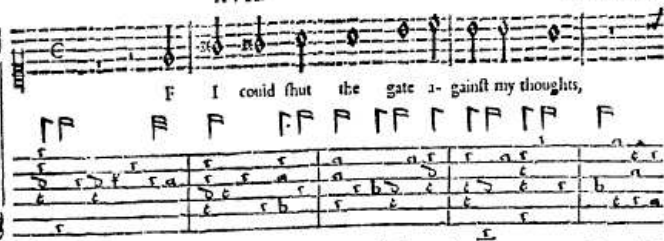
hart,
force.



BASSO.

XVII.

CANTO.



If I could shut the gate against my thoughts,
And keepe out sorrow from this room with-in:
Or memory could cancell all the notes,
Of my misdeedes and I vnthinke my sinne,
How free, how cleere, how cleane my soule should lye,
Discharg'd of such a loathsome company.

Or were there other roomes with-out my hart,
That dyd not to my conscience ioyne so neare,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin a-part,

That I might not their clam'rous crying heare.
What peace, what loy, what ease should I possesse,
Free'd from their horrors that my soule oppresse.

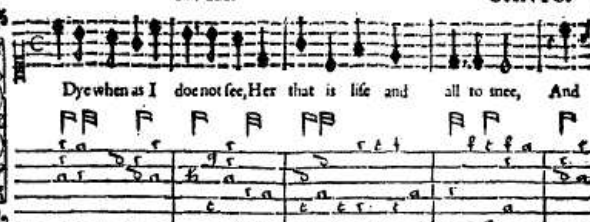
But O my Saviour, who my refuge art,
Let thy deare mercies stand twixt them and mee:
And be the wall to separate my hart,
So that I may at length repose mee free:
That peace, and loy, and rest may be within,
And I remaine deuoted from my sinne.



BASSO.

XVIII.

CANTO.

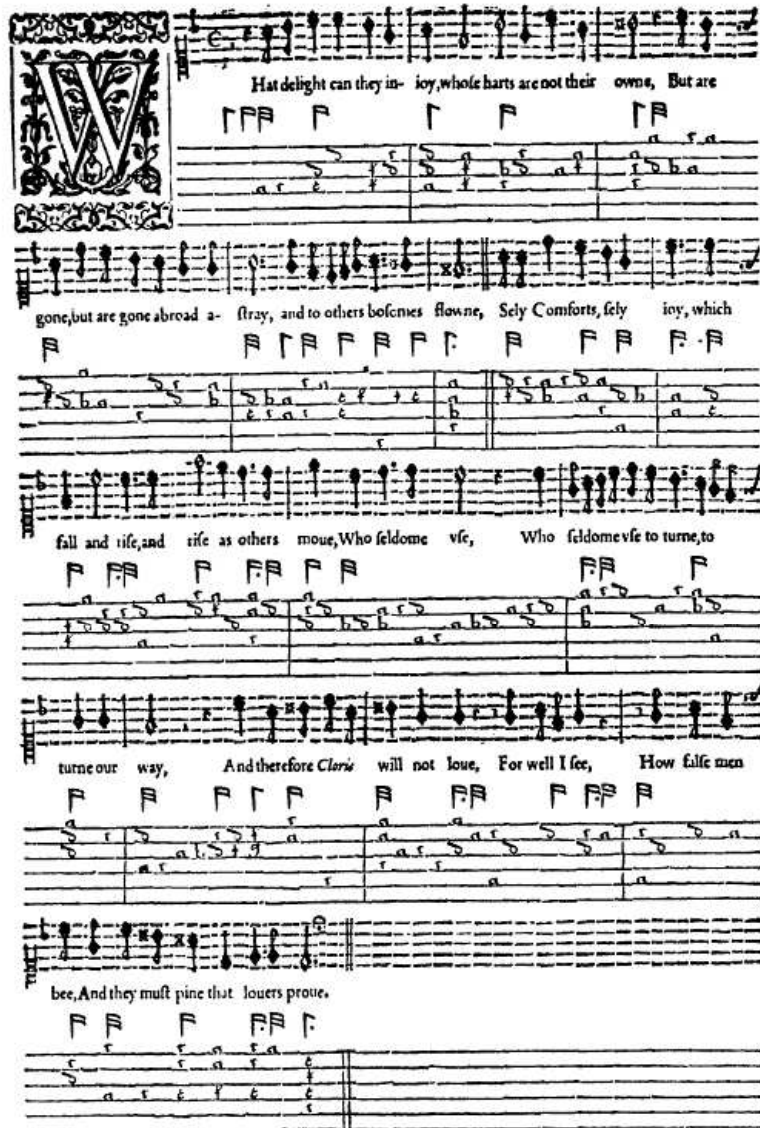


Dye when as I do not see
Her that is life and all to mee:
And when I see her yet I dye,
In seeing of her crueltie:
So that to mee like miserie is wrought,
Both when I see and when I see her not.

Or shall I speake or silent greeue,
Yet who will silence releue:
And if I speake I may offend,
And speaking not, my heart will rend:
So that I see to mee it is all one,
Speake I or speake I not, I am vndone.

XIX.

CANTO Primo.



Hat delight can they in- ioy, whose harts are not their owne, But are
 gone, but are gone abroad a- stray, and to others bolomes flowne, Seely Comforts, seely ioy, which
 fall and rife, and rife as others moue, Who feldome vse, Who feldome vse to turne, to
 turne our way, And therefore *Clarie* will not loue, For well I see, How false men
 bee, And they must pine that louers proue.



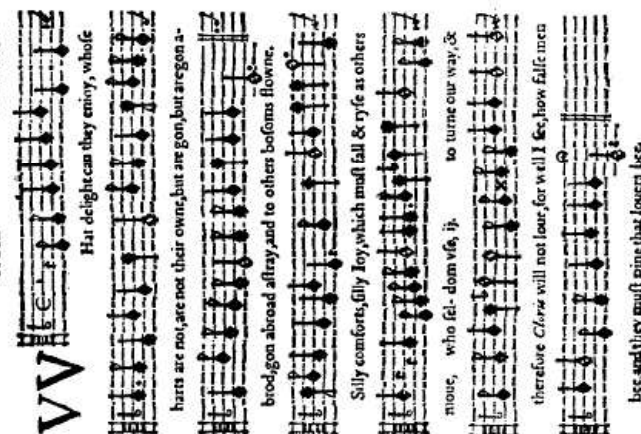
Hat delight can they enjoy,
 Whose harts are not their owne?
 But are gon abroade astray,
 And to others bolomes flowne.

Seely comforts, seely ioy,
 Which fall and rife as others moue,
 Who feldome vse to turne our way,
 And therefore *Clarie* will not loue:
 For well I see,
 How false men bee,
 And let them pine that Louers proue.



Who feldome vse, who feldome vse, to turne, to turne our way, and therefore *Clarie* will not
 stray, and to others bolomes flowne. Seely comforts, seely ioy, which fall and rife, and rife, as others moue,
 Hat delight can they enjoy, whose harts are not their owne, But are gon abroad, a-
 stray, for well I see, how false men bee, and they must pine that louers proue.

XIX. BASSO.



Hat delight can they enjoy, whose
 harts are not, are not their owne, but are gon, but are gon a-
 broad, gon abroad astray, and to others bolomes flowne.
 Seely comforts, seely ioy, which must fall & rife as others
 moue, who feldome vse, to turne our way, &
 therefore *Clarie* will not loue, for well I see, how false men
 bee, and they must pine that louers bee.

XIX.

ALTO.



Hat delight can they enjoy, whose harts are not their owne, But are gon, but are gon abroad a-
 stray, And to others bolomes flowne. Seely comforts, seely ioy, which fall & rife, & rife, still as others moue,
 who feldome vse, to turne, doe feldome turne our way, and therefore *Clarie* will not loue,
 For well I see how false men bee, then pine that louers bee.

Now the earth, &c.

Now the earth, the skies, the

Aire, All things faire, the Skies, Earth and Aire, the Earth, Skies, Aire, and all things faire, Now the

Earth, the Skies, the Aire, Earth, Skies, and Aire, all things faire, Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse,

Whil't the returning spring, loyes each thing, Whil't the returning spring, loyes each

Now the Earth, the Skies, the Aire,

All things faire, the Earth, the Skies, the

Aire, all things faire, all faire,

Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse, Whil't

the returning spring, loyes each thing, it

the spring loyes each

CANTO Primo.

XX.

XX. TENORE.

Now the Earth, the Skies, the Aire,

All things faire, the Skies and all things faire,

Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse,

Whil't the re- turning spring,

loyes each

Now the Earth, the Skies, the Aire, Now

the Earth, the Skies, the Aire, and all things faire, Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse,

the Earth, Skies, Aire and all things faire, Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse,

Whil't the returning spring, loyes each thing, the spring, the loyes each

CANTO Secondo.

XX. BASSO.

XX.

A direction for the tuning of the Base Lute.

Double C lute
Double D lute
C lute
D lute
F lute
G lute
A lute
B lute

4 3 4 5 3 3 2 4 8

A direction for the tuning of the Lute.



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THE TABLE.



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M ^{rs} <i>Anne Greene</i> her leaues bee greene.	XXI.

FINIS.